

What Have I Done to Deserve This?

by DanaCardinal

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Summary: What have I done to deserve dying and being reborn as a Potter? What have I done to deserve being ripped away from my home, my friends and my true family? What have I done to deserve being thrown into a world filled with chaos and fear? What have I done to deserve this? Dark self insert. EvilDumblesandJames. JerkHarry. Major James Potter and Dumbledore bashing. Minor Harry bashing.

1. Chapter 1

****What have I done to deserve this?****

****Dana: A sudden oncoming brain wave brought this self insert on.****

Nadia: (Rolls her eyes) Shouldn't you focus on your other stories, I think you've bitten off more than you can chew.

****Dana: I know but I really want to get this one out there.****

Nadia: I can tell, just don't blame me when you are so busy with this story that you forget to update your other stories.

****Dana: We don't own Harry Potter.****

****Prologue****

Well here I am, dead. Gone. Deceased. There are so many words to describe being dead. So many that I am unable to imagine them all. I died, it was a very quick death I can assure you of that. There was no shooting, no bombing, no news worthy death. I just fell asleep and I died well, that or I had a heart attack over an unexpected oral presentation that I had no idea about in French class. Sad, yes. I was really looking forwards to the future, going to university, getting my degree and starting my career. But nope, I just had to pass on, leaving my family, my friends and my dreams behind. Now I am

flitting around in the void. Wow, I sound like the faceless old woman from Welcome to Nightvale. Being dead is boring, I mean really boring. There's nothing to do. I think I'm in limbo. I've never really believed in life after death but, there's always been that part of me that believes that something does happen to you after you die. I don't know what though, there are many different theories. Some people think that you go on to eternal life or eternal damnation now that I think about it, but then again, there are some people who believe in reincarnation. Huh, why am I going all philosophical all of a sudden? Weird, I've never truly been interested in philosophy. I don't know why I was thinking like that. Meh, I don't pretend to understand everything that goes on in my head. Sigh, I'll never understand my head or me for that matter. Why am I thinking about understanding my head and myself, I'm dead for God's sake! It's dark in the void. Dark, cold and very scary. For some reason, there is something holding me back, keeping me from reaching the great beyond as I'm calling it. There's something out there, beyond the darkness, I don't know what it is I just know that I need to get to it. I don't know how long I was in the void, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia maybe? I don't know, time isn't relative here. Suddenly, there was light and warmth and voices. I was thrust back into life. I screamed and cried. I was unsure whether or not it was of fear or happiness. That was when I felt myself being swaddled and passed to someone. It was a man, with messy black hair and hazel eyes.

- "What do you know Lils, our daughter was born first. Not our son, I will admit to not expecting that." He said

- "Shut up James." A woman's voice says

- "What should we name them?" The man asks "Considering she's the eldest, you can name her first."

- "Melanie. Melanie Lily Potter." the woman says

Potter. The name registers with me, I am the daughter of James and Lily Potter and older sister to Harry James Potter. Oh. Crap. Life with Lily, James and Harry is... nice I guess. I still have trouble falling asleep and staying asleep. The darkness reminds me too much of the void. I meet Sirius, Remus and Peter a few days after I was brought home. I liked Sirius, I liked Remus and I hated Peter. I would scream and cry until either Sirius, Remus or Lily would pick me up. Lily, mom, attributed it to me being shy. I hated being a baby again, having to depend on others to help me. I hated it, I was so used to being able to do things on my own that I withdrew from the world. Also, my lack of speaking skills was also a severe problem. I was unable to adequately communicate how I was feeling or what I wanted. Unfortunately, we had to go into hiding soon after mine and Harry's first birthday. Dumbledore had some over to tell us personally, I had liked Dumbledore about as much as I liked Peter. Which was very little, I don't know why, probably because my danger-sense had gotten a lot stronger during my time in the void. Soon, we were living in a cottage in Godric's Hollow, with Peter Pettigrew as our secret keeper. I tried to tell them, I tried to warn them, that Peter was going to betray us. That he was a Death Eater, but, try as I may, being unable to speak kept me from warning them. Soon, it was Halloween and Voldemort came for us. He killed dad first. He killed mom, begging him not to kill us and to kill her. Then he turned his wand on my brother, why he didn't turn it on me

was a bit of a mystery, I was older than Harry by a minute, why take the youngest and not the oldest. He just pointed his wand at Harry and cast the killing curse. The backlash that followed almost brought the entire house down. Harry, had a lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead and had been knocked unconscious. As for me, I had a rather nasty gash on my forehead. That was when a man I didn't recognize came into the room. He saw mom laying dead on the floor and cried. He begged her to wake up and not to be dead. I was also crying silently, out of pain and loss, one has to remember, I still have my memories of being a 17 year old girl. The man looked up, his eyes boring into my own. He stands up, wipes his eyes and gently taps my forehead with his wand, healing the gash on my head.

- "I'm sorry Melanie. I'm so sorry." He whispers to me before disappearing

Sirius arrived soon after, wand out, looking absolutely horrified. He walks over to Harry's cot and casts what looks like diagnostic spells. He lifts Harry from his cot and then picks me up and carries us outside. There Hagrid appears and takes me and Harry from Sirius's arms. Sirius is begging Hagrid to let him take us, he's our godfather after all. Hagrid refuses to listen and leaves with us, leaving me screaming and crying for Sirius. I am taken to the Dursleys and Harry, who knows where. And so begins my life in hell. The abuse I suffered at their hands was brutal. Being locked in a broom closet under the stairs for the slightest misstep, having to go without food for weeks on end, getting beaten up by Dudley and his gang, having a cast iron frying pan thrown at my head and being forced to do chores that normally teenagers would have to do and enduring taunts on behalf of my "uncle and cousin" about my gender. I had a feeling that the moment I was older, I would start getting raped as well. And so, after six years of that kind of abuse, I, at only seven years old, pick the locks on the door to the cupboard, steal food, jewellery and Vernon and Petunia's credit cards. I also grab enough change to make an anonymous 999 call that Mr. Vernon Dursley and Mrs. Petunia Dursley, have just murdered their niece. Humming Caradhras by Two Steps From Hell, I slip out of the number 4 Privet drive and don't look back.

And that is the beginning of What Have I Done to Deserve This? This is probably going to be my darkest story yet. I hope you all enjoyed. Read, like and review please. Later Dana.

2. Chapter 2

What have I done to deserve this?

Dana: Must. Purge. Soul.

Nadia: AS you can see, she's still working on the soul purge. She doesn't own Harry Potter. She also doesn't own the name Melanie took after she ran away.

Chapter 1

Four Years Later.

I've woken up earlier than normal, probably because of another nightmare about the void again. I am sitting on my bed in a small

flat in downtown London. I rub my eyes and look at the time, it's barely seven-thirty. I yawn and stretch before getting out of bed. Then I realize, it's the thirty-first of July.

- "Happy birthday to me." I mutter under my breath. "And happy birthday to you Harry, where ever you are."

I quickly get dressed and walk into the bathroom to brush my hair. I pull my long red hair into a pony tail before heading out into the small kitchen. My landlady comes upstairs calling my name:

- "River? River, are you awake?"

Yep, River, to my landlady and the other tenants of the building, I am River Alexia Song. And no, not THAT River Song. Why I chose the name River Song, meh, I don't know, I liked the name. Alexia is a play on my original first name, Alexis.

- "Yeah, I'm awake Mrs. James." I call to her

She comes in holding a breakfast tray.

- "Thank you Mrs. James." I say

- "No problem dear. Let me know when you are done." She says

- "I will." I say and dig into my breakfast.

Mrs. Cassandra James. A bloody fucking SAINT. Thank god she's got a bit heart and is allowing me to stay here for free. I had tried to discuss rent prices with her but she refused to hear it. After I told her that I had run away from relatives who were trying to kill me, not really a lie but still, she said that if anyone asked, I was her granddaughter living with her while I went to school. The Dursley's trial was interesting to say the least. I had been planning my run away for a good long time. Due to my want to work with the police as a forensic scientist, I needed to created evidence that I had been murdered and my corpse disposed of. Using a little bit of wandless magic, I was able to create a whole mass of evidence showing how much my aunt and uncle hated me along with some plans for my "discipline". I was also able to create some very convincing medium velocity blood spatter that the good inspectors of Scotland Yard would think that I had been stabbed to death. Fortunately, using wandless magic allowed me to pull it off without having to stab myself. I also left other evidence of my abuse and living conditions. I also borrowed a butcher knife as the "murder weapon". After my phone call to the police, I kept an eye on what was happening with them. Dudley had to be sent to, ironically, St. Brutus's school for Criminal boys. Petunia got off light at her trial. She was found guilty of second degree murder, failure to report my abuse, child abuse and neglect. I wasn't too happy about the second degree murder part but still, she was going to jail. She was sentenced to life in prison with possibility of parole... in twenty-five years. Vernon had it worse, he was found guilty of first degree murder, child abuse, neglect and to my complete shock; paedophilia, possession of child pornography; turns out he was in charge of a child pornography ring, grand larceny and embezzlement of Grunnings. Turns out he had been stealing money from the company for years. He was sentenced to life in prison, without possibility of parole and had to register as a sex offender. I threw a very big party when he was sentenced. No one really thought

anything of it when Vernon and Petunia's bank accounts were emptied, the police thought that they were going to go on the run after "disposing" of Melanie Potter. I pick up my dirty dishes and give them a quick wash. I bring them back downstairs and inform Mrs. James that I've cleaned them for her. I then head out to run some errands, namely to replenish some supplies that I am needing. Groceries mostly and a few other things. The money I "borrowed" from Vernon and Petunia's bank accounts has been enough to get me minimal supplies over the years. I make sure not to seriously overspend. The money I got from my "aunt's" jewellery also was enough to keep me going. I had half the money in a small bag I carry with me in my bag and the other half is my emergency fund and I keep that in a loose floorboard under my bed. It felt weird living in a time where cell phones and laptops do not exist. And that Doctor Who is on hiatus. Which totally sucks. Sigh, I've got to wait until 2005 to see it again. The music in the nineties isn't half bad, I miss Two Steps From Hell, Demi Lovato and a few other artists from my old life that I liked. I have my lunch in a small cafe where the owner and I have a friendly relationship, I help her with a few things around the back, washing dishes or bringing food out to the front mostly and I get free food and a little bit of money for my help. I return to the flat, a small bag of groceries in one hand and a banana and strawberry smoothie in my other hand. I dig my keys out of my pocket and unlock my door. I stumble in muttering curses as I go. I put my smoothie down and begin putting away my groceries. I then sit down at the table, raise my cup and sing:

- "Happy Birthday to me. Happy Birthday to me. Happy birthday dear Melanie. Happy birthday to me!"

I then pop the top of my smoothie cup and down the whole thing in a couple of gulps. I then return to the kitchen in search of a snack. That is when my landlady makes a second appearance:

- "River? You've got a visitor." she said

- "Alright Mrs. James, you can tell him or her to wait in the living room, I'll join them in a second." I call from the kitchen

- "Of course dear. Holler if you need anything." She said before leaving

I leave the kitchen and head into the living room to see a rather stern woman with grey hair pulled into a bun at the top of her head. She's also wearing long emerald green robes. When she looks up at me, I am really hoping that she is unable to recognize me, she does.

- "Me... Melanie? Melanie Potter?" She stutters

I smile grimly before answering:

- "Well, what's left of her."

- "I don't understand. On the list, it says your name is River Alexia Song. Yet, Melanie Lily Potter is standing in front of me." She says

- "That's because, Melanie Lily Potter is dead in the eyes of the mundane public. She was murdered by her aunt and uncle, Mr and Mrs Dursley. In truth, Melanie Lily Potter ran away the night her murder

was called in. What you see in front of you, is what is left of the broken and abused girl. River Alexia Song rose from her ashes, cold and pragmatic." I say "I also remember you, aunt Minnie."

- "You still remember calling me that?" She asked

- "Yeah, I never really forgot. Now, you had something for me?" I asked

- "Yes, I have your Hogwarts letter with me. It's customary for one of the heads of houses to visit muggleborns to give them their letter and tell them about the wizarding world. Considering that you know enough about the wizarding world, I won't have to tell you. I will also be taking you to Diagon alley." She said standing

- "Small problem. I can't right now. You see, a couple of my friends are coming over to take me out for pizza and to see a movie in honour of my birthday today. Here's what we can do, how about you come back here at around 8:00 tomorrow morning, we can have breakfast and you can take me to Diagon alley so I can get my shopping done. How does that sound aunt Minnie?" I ask

- "That sound wonderful, thank you Melanie. I'll see you tomorrow." She says

- "Be sure to dress muggle. As in 20th century muggle and not 15th century." I say

- "I'll remember that." She says before leaving with a sharp crack

I sit back down on the couch and lean back, as much as I knew this was coming, I really didn't feel ready. It was nice to see aunt Minnie again, I had missed her. Melanie Potter might be dead in the eyes of the public but she was still there. Hiding in plain sight.

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The next day, I was combing out my hair and attempting to make it look neat. Like my previous incarnation, my hair is extremely untamable, which is rather annoying. My hair looks like my previous incarnation's sister's when she pulled it into a ponytail. And when that happened, he hair was very, very puffy. I stare at myself in the mirror before growling: "Fuck it." and sticking my head under the tap and then begin towlling my hair dry and brushing it out. I return to the living room, dressed in a loose pair of blue jeans and a grey shirt. My hair is still sort of damp but, it's dry enough that I won't have to worry about my shirt getting wet.

- "I really should cut my hair. Long hair drives me nuts." I mutter as I brush it

My red hair could be described as being waist length. I pull it into my usual ponytail when someone knocks on my door.

- "Coming." I call

I open the door and there is Minerva McGonagall standing there. She's dressed in a long black skirt and a purple shirt.

- "Is this acceptable Melanie?" She asks
- "Yes, don't look like the renaissance fair came to town." I say slyly
- "Very funny Melanie." She says rolling her eyes
- "I try. Shall we?" I ask

We leave, I make sure to lock the door behind me. I take my "aunt" to one of the cafes where I have made an acquaintance with the owners.

- "Hey guys." I say to the staff walking in
- "Hey River. Table for one or do you have company today?" The hostess asked
- "I've got company today Tess. My great aunt is in town and I'm taking her out for breakfast." I say grinning
- "Of course. You want your usual spot today sweetie?" Tess asks
- "Yes please." I say

Tess leads me to my usual spot, it's a small two person table by the window where I can people watch. Tess is a mutual friend, she's my friend Lucy's older sister. The cafe isn't very busy this time of morning, so Minerva and I are able to look at the menu in considerate silence.

- "So, Aunt Minnie, how've you been?" I ask
- "I've been well thank you Mel... River." She says
- "How's things in your world?" I ask
- "Recovering from You-Know-Who's reign." She says

A waitress came by to take our orders:

- "Hey, River. Ma'am. What'll you two be having?" She asked
- "I'll have an apple juice and the waffles with fresh strawberries." I say passing the menu
- "You always have that." She says
- "Eh, what can I say, I like stuff I'm familiar with." I say
- "I know. Ma'am how about yourself? What'll you have?"
- "I'll have the french toast and a coffee please." Minerva said passing the waitress the menu
- "Do you want milk or cream ma'am?" The waitress asked
- "Milk please."

The waitress leaves and aunt Minnie and I talked for a bit, just

catching up and such. The waitress returns with our food and we eat. Soon, we leave the cafe and catch a bus down to London. We arrive at the Leaky Cauldron and aunt Minnie knows enough not to reveal my name, I really don't want to be mobbed by my "fans" or my could be murderers. Even in my previous life, I've always hated large crowds, not very surprising that I like them as much now as my previous incarnation did. In fact, I hate them more know than I did before. We head to Gringotts first. We walk in and over to a teller.

- "How may I help you today witch?" The goblin asks

- "I need to speak with the Potter account manager. I have brought," She lowers her voice "Melanie Potter with me."

The goblin takes one look at me before barking something in a language I don't understand into an intercom. A few minutes a later, another goblin comes out.

- "Ms. Potter. I am Grimjaw, your account manager. If you and Mrs. McGonagall will follow me." He says

- "I will admit Ms. Potter, I was not expecting you to "die" in the muggle world. Yet, surprisingly, here you are." He says as we enter is office

- "That's what faking your death is for. Thank God I am able to use wandless magic and have an extensive knowledge of mundane forensics." I say slyly

- "Yes, I take it that you have been living under a different name?" Grimjaw asks me

- "Yes, in the mundane world, I am known as River Song." I say

- "Interesting name." He says

I look at him slyly and, doing my best Doctor River Song impression, I say:

- "Spoilers."

- "Now, about your finances..." Grimjaw starts talking

I kind of tune out most of the financial talk, I've never truly been interested in that stuff. Then he looks at me and I see concern and what appears to be anger in his eyes.

- "Now, about your family." He says

- "What about them?" I ask

- "Are you aware that your mother, father and brother are alive?" He asks

- "WHAT!?" I roar

**Duh Duh Dah. Cliffhanger. I'm sorry, I can't help it. I'm not sorry for all the Doctor Who references though. Or for what I did to the Dursleys. E-cookies to those who can figure out who healed Melanie's injury in the prologue. Read, like and Review please. Later

Dana.**

3. Chapter 3

What have I done to deserve this?

Dana: And the soul purge is over. I do not own Harry Potter.

Nadia: And you aren't ashamed of using Doctor Who references. Or what Melanie is about to do to her "family"?

Dana: Not in the least. Oh and I forgot to elaborate on what grand larceny was, grand larceny is taking the property for other people with intent on keeping it for themselves. The things that will get you trouble for grand larceny are firearms, a public document or valid credit cards. Vernon had been stealing the guns belonging to the security guards.

Chapter 2

- "WHAT!?" I roar feeling myself being consumed with rage

- "Your parents are alive and they've been taking care of your brother since their "death"." Grimjaw explained

- "But that's impossible, I heard dad being killed. I saw mom being killed. I saw Harry be taken away to who knows where. A decade ago." I say

- "The Lily and James you saw and heard being killed were nothing but automatons." Grimjaw says

- "Those, those... utter BASTARDS. I am going to... to... ARGH. When I get my hands on them I swear I will... I will... I don't know what I'll do but I will make them regret abandoning me to the jail birds." I growl getting up and starting to pace.

Then I pause and start thinking. Revenge. That is when the spark of an idea enters my brain. Is it nasty? Yes it. Is it cruel? Oh yes it is. A feral grin comes begins to show on my face.

- "What are you thinking Ms. Potter?" Grimjaw asks me

- "The James and Lily Potter were declared legally dead right?" I ask

- "Yes." He says

- "Considering I'm the eldest Potter child, does that put me in charge of the Potter accounts?" I ask

- "Yes. You are in charge." Grimjaw says

- "So, hypothetically speaking, I could, I don't know, withdraw all the money in the Potter accounts and place them in a separate account?" I ask

- "Yes, you could." Grimjaw says a grin coming over his face as he

realizes as to what I'm getting to

- "Right, first order of business. I want you to pull everything from the Potter accounts and put all of it into a separate account." I say grinning

- "What would you want the account name to be?" Grimjaw asked

I give my best Doctor River Song smile and say:

- "Why River Song of course."

I grin maliciously before saying:

- "Now, because I am not a..." I pause looking for my words, "cruel person, so, my ex-family will receive an allowance of 2000 Galleons. A year."

To my surprise, Grimjaw snorts, shoulders shaking.

- "My dear Ms. Potter, I really wouldn't want to cross you when you are feeling vindictive like this. Much less when you are angry." He says

- "Hell hath no fury like a pissed off redhead." I say " But, as of right now, I am in charge of the Potter family, am I not correct?" I ask

- "Yes. Yes you are." the goblin says

- "So then, second order of business, I am going to cast out James and Lily Potter for my abandonment. Harry, for the moment is on the fence. I am unsure what I am going to do with him yet. I'll make my decision later. Were James and Lily Potter declared legally dead?" I ask

- " Yes, they were. In fact, Harry was also declared legally dead. Some people reported to finding a "corpse" that matched his description several years ago." Grimjaw says

- "Well, that makes my job a lot easier. Considering Harry is considered dead as well, he's out of the family. Because well, why would I keep a dead person in the "family"." I say

I then frown, should my reappearance drag the Potters back, that could lead to some problems. A spark of an idea enters my brain, a story that my previous incarnation had read. Maybe... yeah... I'll do it.

- "Can I declare the Potter family extinct? I mean, Melanie Lily Potter is dead to the world. I am known as River Song in the mundane world." I ask

- "You can. But understand, declaring your family extinct might cause some minor problems. I'll be out of a job as the Potter account manager, for example." Grimjaw says

- "So, I'm River Alexia Song and not Melanie Lily Potter. She's dead. As for your job, I need someone to take over the Song account. I suck with money, I was thinking you could handle it." I say grinning

- "Done, Ms. Potter. You seem to have this all planned out." Grimjaw says

I raise a shoulder. We go through all of the necessary paperwork, document signing and the like. I know that all this will be hitting the paper by tomorrow, then I realize, Rita Skeeter, she could be a thorn in my side, but, should I play my cards right, she might be a useful ally. Minerva and I are about to leave when I remember something. I turn to Grimjaw and ask:

"Grimjaw, what about my godfather, Sirius Black? I have a niggling feeling that I wasn't supposed to go with the jailbirds."

- "Ms. Potter, your godfather was sent to Azkaban for your parents "murder"." He says " Without trial." Grimjaw adds

I can't help what comes out of my mouth next:

- "Oh for FUCKS sake's! Have you MORONS never heard the expression INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY?! That is a violation of the CHARTER OF HUMAN RIGHTS! In the charter, it states that everyone is to be granted a FAIR TRIAL before SENTENCING! Even in the military, those who commit a crime are TRIED!"

By the time I am finished, my cheeks are flushed and I am breathing heavily. I am enraged. Fortunately, Minerva is able to calm me down.

- "Melanie, here's what we'll do. Once we are done shopping, we'll go and pay my friend Amelia Bones a visit. Tell her about that section of the charter of human rights, she'll listen to you and grant him a fair trial." She says

- "What if she doesn't?" I ask

- "She will. She's head of the DMLE, she'll listen. She's a fair person. That I promise." Minerva said

I sigh and say:

- "If you say so aunt Minnie." I whisper.

We leave the bank and head out to do our shopping. We pick up my books, cauldron, potion ingredients, etc... When we go to pick up my obligatory pet, I pick out a great horned owl, which I name Rory. I also pick out a kitten that I name Eileen. I feel my chest constrict a little when I think of her. I wipe non existent tears away from my face. " When you get home. When you get back to your flat, then you can cry. Don't cry here, you need to be strong." I think to myself. I take a deep breath and let it go before going over to the cash and paying for my purchases. I walk out of the store, my mask of "nothing's wrong" is on full blast. I wear that particular mask when I've been having nightmares. We go to Ollivanders last. Minerva and I step into the store, the smell of wood and smoke assault my senses, the electricity in the air makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand upright. Then, an old man slides out from behind some shelves. He breaks out into a wide grin.

- "I was wondering when you would be here Ms. Potter. Hello Minerva,

how's the wand working for you." He said

- "Very well thank you Garrick." She said

- "Now then, let's see, let us try Beech and dragon heartstring, brittle, 12 1/2 inches." Garrick says passing me a wand

I give it a flick and a lamp explodes.

- "Nope." Garrick says "Here, try this one. Hazel and unicorn tail hair, 11 inches, very springy."

I take the offered wand and flick it. All the papers in the place go flying.

- "Nope." he says "Lets try vine and phoenix feather. 11 3/4 inches, mildly springy."

I take the wand, flick it and summon a tornado. Mind you it was a small one, about the size of my knee but a tornado none the less. Garrick snatches the wand and the tornado disappears.

- "Nope. Most definitely not." He says "Relax Ms. Potter we'll find something. Now, maybe, just maybe."

He disappears into the back and returns with another wand.

- "Try this one. Blackthorn and phoenix feather. 13 inches, swishy."

I take the wand and the smell that I associate with my old home; daffodils and car exhaust and Tim Horton's hot chocolate and the smell of the cherry blossoms in High Park and lake Ontario and the smell of the air before it storms. And a warmth, like that of a hug, a hug of someone I know I will never see again, wraps around me. Turquoise sparks shoot out the tip. Garrick looks at me oddly, I catch it.

- "Interesting. The thing about blackthorn wands is that the wood of the wand needs to pass through a danger or hardship with their owner." He says

- "Then why did it choose me?" I ask frowning

- "I am unsure, the thing is, the wand chooses the witch. It must have known that you have had a hard life and it might get worse. You are very special." He says

I shrug a little but then I pause and consider the advantages to getting a backup wand in case I loose my other one.

- "Mr. Ollivander?" I ask

- "Hmm?"

- "I was wondering, what would be the advantages to having a backup wand?" I ask

- "Having a backup wand would give you an advantage in a duel. You could use it to locate your wand should you loose your primary wand.

Why?" He asks

- "I was just curious. I was thinking of getting one, that's all." I say raising a shoulder

- "That would be a wise idea. Not many wizards or witches think of getting one." He says

- "Can I get one then?" I ask

- "Of course Ms. Potter. Now then, let's try this one, Holly and phoenix feather. 11 1/2 inches. Springy." He says passing me the wand

I take the wand from him and a pleasant heat washes across me. It makes me feel at peace. I see red and white sparks shooting out the tip. "Huh, I'm getting Harry's wand, that'll send old ma Potter into a tailspin." I think to myself a little smugly

- "Curious. This is an interesting development." He says looking at me intently

- "How so?" I ask

- "Wands are very interesting things Ms. Potter. I find it curious that you are destined to get that particular wand." He says

- "Why?" I ask frowning

- "It is curious because the phoenix, who provided your wand with his feather gave another. One other. It is curious that you get this wand while it's brother, slaughtered your family." He said looking at me seriously

I refrain from saying that I have no family. We pay for the wands and leave. Minerva and I go for ice cream before we do anything else. She has a single scoop of mint ice cream while I had two scoops of chocolate, two scoops of raspberry and a scoop of chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream. What can I say, I like my ice cream. Sue me! We leave the alley heading for downtown London. As we walk through town, I get the feeling that people are watching me and not in the "I see you" kind of watching but in the "I am observing your every move" kind of watching. It makes me nervous, the familiar feeling of throbbing in my stomach and my breathing starts picking up, signalling the arrival of a panic attack. "Oh God, not now. I can't start panicking now." I think desperately. My previous incarnation had panic attacks but they were rare, now; in my current incarnation, they were scarily common. I don't really pay attention to what happens around me, currently, I was trying to get my breathing under control and stave off an eminent panic attack. When I notice my surroundings, I notice that Minerva and I are standing outside an office door with the name: "Amelia Bones, DMLE director" on it written in gold. I also notice a badge on my chest that says: River Song, DMLE visit. I mentally kick myself for not noticing what was going on, I hate not noticing what's happening around me. The door opens and a middle aged woman with grey hair and a monocle is standing in the doorway.

- "Hello Minerva. How are you? And who's this?" She asks

- "Amelia, I'm well thank you but I am afraid that this isn't a social call. I fear a grave miscarriage of justice has happened. The young lady with me, I will not reveal her identity just yet. May we?" Minerva said

- "Of course, come in. Gabriel is with me." She said "Gabriel, we have visitors."

We step into the office and there's a man with curly blonde hair, blue eyes and a warm smile. The moment the door's shut, I extend my hand and say:

- "Melanie Potter."

The man starts a little before taking my hand and saying:

- "Gabriel Greengrass, pleasure to meet you Ms. Potter." He says

- "I could have sworn you were dead in the muggle world." Amelia said turning to me "Amelia Bones."

- "That's what faking your death's for. Now had I been placed with my godfather Sirius Black, I would have had to fake my death and place my aunt and uncle in jail but then again, had I stayed with them, who knows how I would have turned out." I say shrugging my shoulders "But that's not why I am here, I have received unsettling news about the fact that my godfather was thrown in jail without a trial." I say

Amelia looks at me, an expression that I recognise as uncertainty in her eyes.

- "Are you sure?" She asks her voice wavering slightly

- "I do not doubt my source." I say frowning a little

- "Gabriel, go check the archives. See if Black really was thrown into prison without a trial." She says

- "Of course." He says before leaving

- "Are you sure we can trust Greengrass with this?" Minerva asks

- "Yes, he's one of my best prosecutors, I trust him." Amelia says

- "Ms. Bones, have you heard the expression innocent until proven guilty. Or of the charter of human rights?" I ask a little icily

- "I have heard the expression and I know enough about the charter of human rights to tell you what it says in so or so words." Amelia says "Why?"

- "Because," I say "there is a section in the charter that says anyone who is accused of a crime must receive a fair trial. Should Mr. Greengrass come back and say that Sirius never went to trial, who ever was in charge of the DMLE would have violated that particular part of the charter." I say

That was when Gabriel returned to the office, shaking his head, his lips pursed.

- "There are no records of Black ever going on trial, he was never convicted." Ha says shaking his head

- "Strike one against the wizarding world," I mutter "blatant violation of the charter of human rights."

- "Ms. Potter, I had nothing to do with this. I was not in charge of the DMLE at that time. That was Bartemious Crouch Sr. You must understand, he hated death eaters with a passion, he often threw people accused of being a death eater in prison without trial, please do not be upset with me." Amelia said

- "Well then, what are you about to do about it? Because, is you won't then I will do something about it and I don't think you'll like it much." I snap

- "I'll see what I can do. I'll confront Cornelius with this knowledge. I can't make any guarantees though." She said

- "You will do something right?" I asked

- "Yes, we'll make sure that he gets a trial but it will take some time." Amelia says grimly

- "How much time is "some time"?" I ask

- "We don't know. It could be a few days, weeks, months maybe." Gabriel said

I nod, realistically speaking, it would take some time. It's not like I expect him to automatically get a trial. There will be one hell of a lot of paperwork involved. I stand up, extend my hand again and say:

- "Thank you for your time."

We leave the building and when we get above ground, I check my watch. It's 16:55, almost dinner time. I do the math, it'll take an hour to get back to my flat, so, that means that it'll be five to six. Feeling drained, I make the decision to order a pizza, I really don't feel like making anything. Minerva accompanies me back to my flat and we say our goodbyes. I know I'll see her pretty again at Hogwarts. I head inside and pick up the phone. I order in a small cheese pizza and a coke. I lie down on my bed, Eileen makes her way onto my chest. I realize that I'll need to pick up some supplies for her. I sigh as she kneads my chest and settles down. I stroke her fur as I feel my eyes closing. I am awakened suddenly by someone knocking on my door. I lift Eileen off my chest and head to the door. It's the pizza guy, I pay and take my dinner inside. I eat half of it and stick the remains into the fridge for my breakfast tomorrow. Yes, I eat pizza for breakfast. Sue me! I change into my pyjamas and get ready for bed. As I brush my teeth, I feel more afraid of what's to come than ever before. It's not like I can help it, things have taken a turn for... I don't know, the better or the worse, I can't tell. I crawl into bed, feeling more exhausted than I was several hours ago. I don't realize that I'm crying until I fall into a restless sleep.

**Well, that's done. Next up, Melanie goes to Hogwarts and is sorted

into the last house anyone would expect a Potter to be sorted into. Also, Harry makes his appearance. I hope you all enjoyed. E-cookies and e-brownie sundaes to those who can guess who healed Melanie in the prologue. Read, like and review. Later Dana. **

End
file.